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THE MODERN "PIOUS ANEAS" AND HIS TROJANS, OR LIEUTENANT COLONEL GUGY AND THE DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Grattan thus described one of his contemporaries, "In the Court a liar, in the City a firebrand, in the press a libeller, in the street a bully, on the field a coward." How far the first designation fits the gallant colonel we will leave to his professional brethren—his clients, and the audience who heard him call his mother a prostitute and harlot. Certainly J. Duchesnay and others have sufficiently often qualified him with the term which at the suggestion of prudence he can endure with the most amiable impunity. For the second the man who deliberately got up a bread riot and nearly fell its victim, who himself the most hateful miser and oppressor in the country, notoriously wealthy, and notorious for abject meanness and pretended poverty, could nevertheless attempt to hound on a mob at the provision stores and who on the 27th of February last, gathered a meeting in Diamond Harbour to censure Mr. Alleyn and the Government, which he had not the courage to face, is about as good a specimen of a firebrand as either Grattan's day or ours has ever seen. Whether he be a libeller or no can be judged by those who have read his productions; his dastardly attacks on women and the grossly obscene innuendoes and loathsome images in which he takes a prurient and unmanly pleasure. But Col. Guky is not only a writer of libels he is a professed lover of litigation in the shape of actions for defamation, and a noted common Barrator moving suits by straw plaintiffs. The only mode of dealing with the man, is to exclude him from the press which he has too often been permitted to disgrace, and to force him to a war of broadleafs if his miserable penury will allow him to make the disbursements the conflict would entail upon him. The interests of society however require the libeller should be unmasked, and we proceed to put him the following questions:—Is it or is it not true that this vindicator of chastity keeps a mistress (an Irish ex-servant wench) in his house at Beauport, and several illegitimate children with her? Is it not true that he is now suing his son-in-law to recover the cost of sustaining his illegitimate daughter from her very conception, as the amount includes the Mother's lying-in expenses? Is it not true that he is suing Dr. Sutherland of Montreal by the title of his (Guky's) own father's adulterous bastard, to recover his support from childhood, as a debt to him, Guky;—the moral Parricide who hastened his parents to the grave, sought to incarcerate his father, sold him out by auction, ruined him by the falsification of his accounts, and a series of unmatched contrivances of the swindler, and insulted his mother's funeral, at which he paraded himself as a visitor in a bottle green cutaway coat, and from which he rode away round the Mountain of Montreal with one of his illegitimate daughters? Is it not true this saint once compromised a charge of rape, which imperiled his life; and has been at deaths door from weakening of the spinal marrow? It becomes him to say that a man's chastity and freedom from sensuality are matter for his fellows to judge of! A proposition which none but a low blackguard would have the ignorant vulgarity to advance, and which is therefore congenial to the taste of a miserable mountebank whose manners are a masterpiece of affectation, and whose mind is a sink of pollution. But it is not enough for the libeller to take chastity for one of his texts, he must have temperance for another. He assumes to be an habitual water drinker, he a large importer of wine, an habitual wine biber and secret drinker, and a wholesale opium eater! He talks of cruelty to animals and denounces cock fighting, &c., as inhuman! he who was mobbed in Toronto for horse-whipping his daughters 'till their cries alarmed the neighborhood! The world knows what he was as a son—the records of the Court House, Advertisements in the papers, and the ruin of his parents are witnesses,—as son in law, the swindler who built stables and barns at Beauport merely to make it impossible the estate he had loaned should be redeemed from his grasp is not forgotten—as brother the courts and the grave speak eloquently of Guky: as father, "Bertha my lamb, and Augusta my angle" and Guky v. Irvine and the horsewhip are tokens of his tenderness! As a citizen his fellow citizens should know him—and I put these crowning questions:—Is it not true that Bartholemew Conrad Augustus Guky wrote to Toronto, offering his services to restore tranquility and accept office, after the first demonstration of the unemployed, and then went and agitated amongst them!!! Is it not true he admitted the fact in the "Morning Chronicle"? Is it not true that the way in which he came to be suspected was simply from an assertion hazarded by a relation of his on no other data than knowledge of his character? He tries to be at once Jack Cade with the mob, Major Sirr with the Government and Lord George Gordon with the Protestant party. Bright ornament of the reformation!—when did he lie? When he told the Electors of St. Maurice he was a Romanist or when he swore "I am not and never was a papist?" Or finally when he used to profess infidelity? For the last two epithets—the man who stabbed Judge Thompson, who used foul play on the ground to Hart at Quebec, and Grant at Three Rivers, and refused the challenges of McCord and Ryland may take them both, and qualify as a ruffian and assassin to boot. We leave the detected hypocrite to the scorn of those he has tried to dupe—including as the number does every human being with whom he has ever come in contact.

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